Murder Mystery Likely to be Cleared Up.

After deliberating for just nineteen hours, the jury in the Weeks murder trial, in Brooklyn, returned a verdict at 12% o'clock yester-day afternoon of murder in the first degree against John Greenwell. When the news reached Greenwell in his cell in the basement of the court that there had been an agreement, he was fairly stunned, and for a moment he almost lost the power of speech and motion. He had remained awake almost all through the night, amusing the court officers who were watching him with stories of his own thieving exploits and those of the gang with which he associated, When he was summoned at 12% o'clock to confront the jury and hear his doom he went with a faitering step and a look of affright on his face. Not a muscle moved as he fixed his eyes on the still vacant seats in the jury box and fearfully awaited the arrival of the twelve men who were to determine his fate. As the jury-men passed to their seats their set features left no doubt in his mind what that fate was to be. His eyes, no longer blinking, looked aplingly from face to face, but the gaze of each juryman was fastened on Judge Moore. The silence in the court room was painful. At the request of Mr. York, the veteran Clerk of the court, the jurors stood up, and Greenwell also arose, and with his hands crossed before him faced them.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. York. "do you find the defendant, John Greenwell, guilty

you find the defendant, John Greenwell, guilty of murder in the first degree as charged in the indicatment, or not guilty?

"Guilty," answered the foreman in a firm but faint voice.

"Guilty of what?" asked Mr. York.

"Guilty of murder in the first degree," was the response. During the colloquy Greenwell did not move a muscle or remove his fixed gaze from the jury box.

At the request of Lawyer Kinsley the jury-non were polled, and each, answering to his name, declared that the verdigt rendered was his verdict. Mr. Kinsley asked that sentence be deferred for two weeks, so that he might have time to prepare an appeal. Judge Moore said he could not appeal until senhis verdict. Mr. Kinsley asked that sentence be deferred for two weeks, so that he might have time to propare an appeal. Judge Moore said he could not appeal until sentence had been passed, but that he would not determine when he would pass sentence until he had consulted with the District Attorney. Greenwell was then removed from the bar and handcuffed to William O. Kingsley, the bill poster, who had just been indicted on a charge of assaulting a fifteen year-old girl in East New York. Both were hurried to the jail in charge of Warden Burroughs and two keepers. District Attorney Ridgrway was not present when the verdict was rendered. He was so confident in view of the long absence of the jury that there would be a disagreement, that he had already made arrangements to try Greenwell and Miller together on June 6. Miller's trial will begin on that day. No member of the Weeks family was in the court room. Mrs. Ellingham had been there for several hours in the morning, but she became tired at the tedious walt for the verdict and went home. In discharging the jury, Judge Moore said:

"Centlemen, you have had a very disagreeable duty to perform, but you certainly had the courage to express your convictions on the evidence."

Juror Nelson at the close of the trial did not believe that the avidence was sufficient to con-

idence."

Juror Nelson at the close of the trial did not believe that the evidence was sufficient to convict, and it was supposed that he alone held out for acquittal. In a conversation with a representative of The Sun he thus described what took place in the jury room: white took piace in the jury room:

I was not the only juror who stood out. When we retired a ballot was taken, and we stood 9 for conviction and 3 for sequittal. Then about 10 o'clock we asked Judga Moore for instructions and at 11 o'clock we took another ballot. It stood 10 for conviction and 2 for acquittal. We did not take another ballot until 12 o'clock to day. It was unanimous for conviction. The result was reached after a most careful consideration of the evidence.

reached after a most careful consideration of the evidence.

When Greenwell reached the jail, and the big door swung open to admit him, the officials could tell from his changed appearance that he had been convicted. The jaunty air which had characterized him had disappeared, and in its place was a sullen and despatring look. A reporter saw him half an hour after his return to the jail. The change in his appearance and manner was very striking. The cool, quiet look had disappeared from his face, and in its place was a positively flores expression. He paced up and down his cell for a few moments like a caged tiger, taking no notice of the visitor and muttering to himself in German, but finally he darted forward to the gate and inquired what business the reporter had with him. When told that anything he might have to say would be faithfully recorded he said, as tears fell from his eyes, and while he sobbed and wrung his hands:

This is terrible! This is terrible! God knows I am infocent, and how these twelve men could condemn me to death is something I cannot understand. It was those liars krause and haker, who brought me here. I read an account of the murder the morning after it happened. Now, if i was the man who shot Mr. Weeks and ran away from the house, on reading this account and finding that he was dead, do you think I would remain in New York, when I could have skipped away to Chicago, St. Louis, or any part of the country! I had nothing to keep me here.

or any part of the country? I had nothing to keep me here.

Then what a fool I would have been to tell those fellows. Erause and Baker, that I was the murderer. I knew here here to them well and instead of engaging in perty robberies, they had nothing to do but go and get the big reward offered for the arrest of the Weeks murderer. Do you see that? If it had not been for the Jersey robbery nothing would ever have been the series of the works with the series of the bear of my confession. Erause suspected that I had inheard of my confession. Krause suspected that I had in-formed on him, and I could tell it from the awful look he gave me in inspector Byrnes's office when he saw me standing on one side of the room and the silverware he had stolen from Mr. Young's house in Jersey on a table on the other side. It was a look like this.

Here Greenwell's face assumed a ferocious expression, and his eyes fairly flashed tire. Resuming, he said:

Resuming, he said;

It was then that Krause concocted his plot against me, and prevailed on Raker to Join him in it. After this inspector Byrnes brean to pump me, and he brought me and the said of the said time and time again to his office to receive the could be said to be some to sheet Mr. You might as well tell me how you came to sheet Mr. Weeks, Miller has told me the whole story; how you and he entered the house, and Mr. Weeks came down and you shot him. If you tell me the truth i will dx it so that you will only be sent to prison for life, and not be hanged." hanged."

I fold Inspector Byrnes that if Miller and anything of the kind, he was a liar, and that I could not confess as I knew nothing about the shooting of Mr. Weeks. The Inspector swore at me, and called me a bloody liar, and sent me away. I will pray to God to help me, but the truth of this murder may never be disclosed until I am dead one or two years.

Impector swore at me, and called me a bloody liar, and sent me away. I will pray to dod to help me, but the truth of this murder may haver be disclosed until I am dead one or two years.

This man Krause is a desperate ruffinn. He has been a thief, according to his own admission to me, fifteen or twenty years, and hoasts of his tricks and deception, dust make a note of this story he told me:

He said that he once broke into a house in Bidridge street, and was caught by the occupant while robbing the place. The man who supprised him drew a revolver street, and was caught by the occupant while robbing the place. The man who supprised him drew a revolver hands and begred his. Krause said he are ap his hands and begred his. Krause suppled upon him, and, knocking him down, ran off and escaped. The man cried "Folice," Murder," and several officers coming my arrested a stranger who was attracted by the criea. The stranger was arrested, identified as the thief, and sent up for three and a half years. Krause boasted to me about this, and how he find fooled the old duffer in Eidridge street and see if I am not telling the truth. This very moment. If Krause years find the old man in Eidridge street and see if I am not telling the truth. This very moment. If Krause how he last I am convicted, he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted, he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted, he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted, he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted, he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted, he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted, he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted he is chuckling to himself how he last I am convicted he is chuckling to himself how he had the decent himself and he was a last in the second himself and he decent he was street and he had he had a second he was a last and he had he had he had he had h

these lara Krause and Baker. I have been brought to this place with death not far oft. Institute terrible?"

Here Greenwell again broke down, and between his sobs inquired of the reporter if he thought he had any chance of getting another trial. It is the opinion of the jail officials that Greenwell will soon become an abject victim of terror, and probably will attempt suicide. He will be closely watched.

Allier was stunned when he heard the result of the trial. His turn will come a week from next Monday. He has himself admitted that he was at Mr. Weeks's house. There seems to be no chance for his escape from the halter.

There was a rumor last night that Greenwell had written a confession or was preparing to do so, but Warden Burroughs said that ever since he had been brought back from the court room he had done nothing but declare his innocence to every person who approached him and denounce the men who brought about his conviction. Another report to the effect that an affort would be made to connect Krause also with the murder is pronounced falso by District Attorney Ridgway.

Abrams was Too Quick with his Shotgur The inquest at Rockville Centre ended yes-terday in a verdict that Jesse Abrams was too hasty when he killed Charles Shodes on the Hummocks in Hempstead Bay on the night of May 10. Abrams waived examination before Justice Wallace, and the Justice Hempstead Bay on the night of May 10. Abrams waived examination before Justice Wallace, and the Justice committed him for trial. By advice of conneil abrams declined to testify at the inquest. Mrs. Maris Abrams, mother of Margaret Earl, whom Rhodes lived with, testified that she and her daughter were in Jesse Abrams's house when Charley Rhodes came there with a clamrake in his hand. Jesse, who was in the yard, ran to the door and called to his wife. "Fannie, let me in or he'll kill me." Abrams got inside the house and shut out Rhodes who said to Abrams. "If you don't open that door I'll kill you." The next minite Rhodes put a revolver in at the window and said. "I'm going to kill you." Then hex minite Rhodes put a revolver in at the window and said. "I'm going to kill you." Then have minited but at Rhodes who was close to the window.

Brades a body an axe a handle lay under it, but they did not find a minic. Mrs. Earl testified that she had had a minic. Mrs. Earl testified that she had had a minic but that she await less in Rhodes's hands two reaks before the theories.

LOVE'S TENDER SIGNS. DY MRS. M. A. RIDDER.

You say I am happy;
Pray how can you tell?
The heart of a maid
is as deep as a well.
She often will smile
With a heartache below,
And when meaning "Yes,"
She will likely say "No."

Ah, yes, my own darling.

Some maidens, I own,
Their heart secrets keep
In a casket of stone.
But when some fond swain
A sharer would be,
If looked on with favor,
Love tenders the key.

A suitor who loves
As I, dear, love you,
Can wait for an answer
From lips that are true.
Your gentle blue eyes
That look into mino,
Each day toil the story
My heart would divine.

## PARTED AT THE ALTAR The Romance of a Lovely Young Seminary Girl.

A PATHETIC LOVE STORY.

By LAURA JEAN LIBREY, Author of "Which Love Proved True !" "A Bro Betrothal," Fc., Fc.

CHAPTER I. "I HAVE SET MY HEART ON GOING TO THE GRAND BALL."

"Choose not alone a proper mate, But proper time to marry." "When you read what I have written here !

shall be lying cold in death."

The words were written by the trembling white hand of a young girl, standing in her bridal robes alone, at midnight, in the vestry Continuing, she wrote rapidly on the leaf she

had torn from the marriage register: "Despite the shock, it will not matter much to you, although but a few moments sinceonly a few moments—you led me to the altar, and vowed there to love and cherish me—oh. cruel words! Oh, false vows!-when you knew your heart was cold and bitter toward me.

"I am going to set you free, knowing I mus part from you. I am young to die: but death is sweeter than life without you. Yes, at the very altar you shall have your freedom back

"Your poor, unhappy, loving Let us read the romance of a few brief days that led to the love of this ill-mated bride and groom; how they met, and what caused this hasty and most reckless of all reckless marriages; and why the young bride fled from her bridegroom at the very altar.

Only three days previous to the opening of our story, on a sunny June afternoon, the hands of the great clock on the wall of Madame Delmar's fashionable seminary at Beech Grove. Maryland, are slowly creeping around to the closing hour of 4, but it seems to the restless. bright-eyed seminary girls that the closing hour will never roll around to-day.

The bell taps at last, lessons are over, and a moment later a bevy of young ladies come fluttering, laughing, and chatting down the broad stone steps, as only bright, romping, happy, light-hearted school girls—who know nothing of the cares of the world-can laugh and talk.

Among the group, yet quite spart from the rest, was a slight, fair young girl, differing Her plain muslin dress, reduced almost to shabbiness, was sadly in contrast to their dainty, ruffled mulls; but you would lose sight of this in gazing at the exquisite, piquant beauty of the dimpled rosebud face, framed in curied golden hair, and the large blue eyesdeeply, beautifully blue, like the heart of a velvet pansy; yet she was only Doris Bran-

don, madame's dependent ward.

Turning abruptly into a side path, Doris crossed the lawn with flying footsteps. Reaching a secluded spot at the lower end of the spacious grounds, she flung herself down on the daisy-studded grass, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Angry, defiant, rebellious tears they were, and surely no young girl ever had more bitter

cause to weep,
"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, dashing the great pearly tear-drops away with a slim white hand. "If my life were only like the life of other young girls ! Oh, it was bitterly cruel of madame to taunt me with my dependence of madame to taunt me with my dependence before the whole school to-day! If I only had wings, like this brown linnet in the tree over my head, how quickly I would fly from this dreary prison. I am young, and life runs warm in my veins, fills my heart, beats in every pulse; yet how can I live without even one of those things that make life endurable? How much longer is this monotonous life to last, I wonder?"

Wonder?"
It was to end sooner than she knew; this very day was to be the turning point of her life, whether for weal or for woe, ah i who shall say? The far-off shriek of the incoming siternoon express startled her, and she sprang to her feet with a little cry.

"I had almost forgotten to go down to the south gate and watch for Vivian Courtney's beau, who is to come by that train, and deliver to him the letter she intrusted to me to give him."

icking up her sun hat, hastfly tying the blue

him."

Picking up her sun hat, hastily tying the biue ribbons under her dimpled chin, and glancing furtively back at the grim seminary walls, she sped away in the direction of the old south gate on her fateful errand.

At that moment the Southern express steamed into the little station of Beech Grove, on the Chesapeake.

From the rear car sprang a handsome young man, who gazed about him quite doubtfully a moment after the train steamed on.

"Ah! that must be the place," he said to himself, eyeing curiously a large stone building with many turrets and gables. "Yee, that must be Madame Delmar's seminary. Vivian said I couldn't possibly miss it."

And for the twentieth time that afternoon he drow from his breast pocket a dainty, perfumed letter, which was directed in a girlish hand to "Mr. Frederick Thornton, Jr., care of Mr. G. Thornton, Esquira, Banker, No. — Wall street, New York."

He drew the dainty letter from the envelope, and looked at the directions in the postscript again:

"Take the path to the right of the station."

He drew the dainty letter from the envelope, and looked at the directions in the postscript again:

"Take the path to the right of the station, and it will lead you directly to the seminary, by way of the old south gate. I will be there waiting for you. Be sure you come in time for the grand ball. I have set my heart on going. It will be a wonderful affair. All the girls of the school are just wild over it, and can scarcely wait for Tuesday evening to roll around. I must close now, in order to watch my opportunity to smuggle this into the mail bag and outwit madame, whose argus eyes are ever on the alert to prevent billieddoux from leaving her establishment. Yours, in great haste.

"Pretty, wilful Vivian," he mused, with a smile and a flush on his handsome face. "Before I leave Beech Grove you will have to answer 'yes' or' no' to a certain question that has been agitating my heart this many a day."

He walked quickly up the dalsy-bordered path, thinking of the bright, girlish eyes that would be watching for him from one of the dormitory windows.

Tursing an abrupt curve in the path, he came suddenly in sight of the white, arched gate of the seminary grounds; and standing beneath the tall arch, under the waving plumes of a line tree, was a picture he never forgot while his life lasted—a picture that would have startled any young man who was a beauty worshipper; and with the sight all thoughts of Vivian flew from his mind.

At the first rapid glance he had beheld a slim young girl in a blue-dotted muslin dress, a bewitchingly pretty face, half shaded by a broad straw hat, and waving golden hair, a small, red, smilling mouth, and a pair of wonderful blue eyes.

He approached, raising his straw hat with a low bow.

"I expected to see Misa Courtney here," he said, rather confusedly, "I—"

T am here in Vivian Courtney's place, or rather, to deliver a letter to you from her, if you are Mr. Frederick Thornton, and I suppose you are," she interrupted eagerly.

He smiled amusedly, and bowed, and she drew from the folds o

"Please don't go yet. This may require an answer."
So Doris waited patiently by the gate, stealing shy glances now and then from under her ions, curiting lashes at the face of the handsome young stranger as he perused her schoolmate's note.

Doris Brandon had never seen such a handsome young man before. The French masters and the music professors of the seminary were

cross and vary ugly, and the few young men in the village that lay over the hill were very commonplace sort of persons indeed. No wonder this smilling, handsome young man quite captivated Doris's girlish fancy at first sight.

The note which Vivian had written contained but a few tear-botted words, as follows:

"DEAR FREDERICK: Father has come quite mexpectedly, and I am to go home with him, he says. We have barely time to reach the train. Oh, how disappointed you will be when you come. I am, oh, so sorry. Fate seems against us. What a pity it is to miss the ball, foo, after I had set my heart on going. I hope I shall not lose all that I set my heart on. I shall have to get some one of the school girls to meet you and deliver this to you. I don't know who yet. Yours, in the greatest kind of a hurry.

"There is no answer," said Mr. Thornton.

"P. S.—Come back to town by the next return train."

"There is no answer," said Mr. Thornton, smiling, and adding, imploringly: "But won't you sit down on this log for a moment, and tell me, please, how it was that Yukan left the seminary so hastily, and what she said to you when she intrusted you with this note?"

Blushing prettily, and thinking it would be quite ill-mannered to refuse him, Doris sat down.

Blushing prettily, and thinking it would be quite ill-mannered to refuse him. Doris sat down.

"Vivian's father came quite unexpectedly for her," she said, unconscious that she was repeating the word of the note, and that he knew all about it already: "and just as she was going down the steps with her father she thrust two notes into my hand; one was to me, and read;

"Give the other note to a young man who is to come on the afternoon train, and be at the old south gate at four o'clock this afternoon. Watch sharp for him, and don't let madame see or know. Of course I know it's a little bit wrong to deceive madame; but, oh, it's so romantic, you know."

Frederick Thornton smiled again as he stood leaning careleasly against the trunk of a tree, watching her.

"What a sweet, guileless little creature she is!" he thought.

At that moment a sharp, rasping voice broke harshly on the summer air, calling loudly:

"Doris! Doris Brandon! where are you? I want you!"

Doris sprang from her mossy seat in alarm.

"It is Madame Delmar!" she cried, in affright. "How angry she would be with me if she found me loitering here!"

With a little nod of her curly head, she would have sprung down the shady path, but Frederick Thornton put out his white hand detainingly. A sudden impulse came to him to see this fair young girl again, and that was the beginning of the fatal end.

"Will you come here to-morrow afternoon at this time for a note to deliver to Vivian when she returns to school?" he asked, earnestly.

"Yes," she promised, heatily, and in an instant she was lot to sight among the trees.

"Doris Brandon! Ah, what a pretty name, and what a pretty young girl! But, somehow, she does not look quite happy," he mused, as he turned away with something very like a sigh.

Doris eluded madame by taking another path to the seminary. Her little heart was in a

sigh.

Doris eluded madame by taking another path to the seminary. Her little heart was in a strange whirl, and a dark, smiling face seemed to dance between her and the sunlight. Poor child! She would have had a happy enough life of it if her path had never been crossed by this handsome young man.

Frederick Thornton paced up and down the lane before the old south gate, quite half an hour the next afternoon before Doris made her appearance. When she at last came, he

her appearance. When the present said:

I heard over at the village that the present term at the seminary closed yesterday afternoon, and most of the young ladies had returned to their respective homes. I feared you had gone after I had seen you; and as to the note, it was useless to write it in that case." "You thought I was a pupil here?" she asked, laughing softly, while the color came and went in her pretty, dimpled cheeks.

"Yes, I thought so," he answered. "Is it not

Yes, I thought so," he answered. "Is it not so?"

"Oh, dear, no," she answered, with a merry, girlish laugh. "I am only Madame Delmar's ward. I have lived here always."

"Always?" he repeated, wonderingly. She nodded her curly head.
He was a stranger in that locality, or he would not have asked that question. Every one in the village knew Doris's history—how, seventeen years before, a stranger, heavily veiled, had been seen making her way in the dusky twilight through the village streets, pausing now and then to ask a stray pedestrian which road led to the "young ladies' seminary."
Each one that she spoke to noticed that she carried a heavy, dark basket, and that her voice was low and tremulous. The next morning the strange, dark basket was found on the steps of the seminary, but the veiled woman had disappeared.

When the basket was brought to Mme. Delmar, and she opened it, she threw up her hands with a gasp of horror and dismay.

"There's—a-baby in it!" she cried, in constenation.

A note was found pinned to the baby's breast:

with a gasp of norro and dismay.

"There's—a-baby in it!" she cried, in consternation.

A note was found pinned to the baby's breast; it contained only a few words, in delicate chirography, which read as follows:

"In the name of humanity do not turn this foundling from your roof. Give her the name that she must bear—Doris Brandon."

Bimply these words—no more.

Madame fretted and fumed, but ended by keeping the child. Although she grew up a singularly pretty girl, madame was strict, grim, and hard with her. She had too many tasks set for her to loiter among her companions, and her dresses were always so shabby that she was rather glad than otherwise to escape the gaze and close scrutiny of the seminary girls as much as possible.

Doris never knew how it happened, but as they stood there under the waving like blooms, with one question leading to another, she had told this handsome stranger all of her simple history—a history so dark and so unutterably dreary for such a fair young girl, he thought, pityingly, as he looked at pretty, shy Doris. Suddenly he said:

"You tail me you have never had one pleasure in all your young life. That is so sorrowful. Now, I have a plan in my mind that would give you a great treat."

She clasped her little hands together and gazed at him breathlessly.

"You have heard of the great hall that is to

sure in all your young life. That is so sorrowful. Now, I have a plan in my mind that would give you a great treat."

She clasped her little hands together and gazed at him breathlessly.

"You have heard of the great ball that is to take place at Langdon villa to-morrow. Tuesday, night? Young Langdon was a college chum of mine. I can arrange it so that you can go, if you like."

"I-could-go to—the grand ball!" she gasped, in dismay.

"Yes," he said gayly; "but you would have to manage it by strategy. If I were to ask madame to permit you to go, you are sure she would refuse; so, why ask her? If you are brave enough to slip out of the grounds and meet me here, we will go to the ball, and I will bring you home at any time you say."

Let it be thoroughly understood, dear reader, that no thought save the one desire to give this beautiful, lonely girl a bright evening of happiness prompted him to make this impulsive offer. Frederick Thornton was a young man of the strictest honor.

It was such a novel, dazzling idea—the very thought of going to the grand ball—that it quite overcame Doris with intense childish delight.

"Could get back before half-past 10, do you think?" she asked, breathlessly. "Madame closes the house and the gates at that time."

"Certainly," he responded, promptly. "You see, this being a village, the affair commences at 9 instead of 11. We could be there by 9, and stay until 10, and it would not take us more than ten minutes to reach the seminary, don't you see?"

"Yes," she answered, raising her great, childish, pansy-blue eyes to his face; then suddenly they fell in great perplexity. "I do not know what kind of dresses young girls wear to balls," she said, with childish simplicity. "Oh! I couldn't go. I have nothing fit to wear."

"You could wear the white dress you have on." he declared: "the best dressed, and pininest."

"You could wear the white dress young people—she, a child of 17, and he only a boyish young fellow of four-and-twenthies young people—she, a child of 17, and he only a boyish

COMPAGNIE OENEMALE TRANSATCompany's pier, "new 42," Morth River, foot of Morton at
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Steumbonts.

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